cadaver sniffing dog

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cadaver sniffing dog

by ghostoctet

Summary

Will exhaled and closed his eyes. For once, he didn’t bother trying to sound less crazy.

“Don’t worry about me. You don’t have to – ever. It won’t be a problem anymore.”

Again, he abruptly hung up the phone. He didn’t even take one more look at the thing before he threw it into the trees around him. Good riddance.

Then, he laid down on the ground and pictured the stream.

Notes

(TW with spoilers at the bottom of the text)

Hey friends. This all started with the idea of Hannibal speaking to Will in a language he doesn't know and teaching him a few commands in that new language. Obviously we have to get to that point somehow. Sorry if anyone is out of character - no beta we die like men.

enjoy, I'll try to update and get to the good stuff soon!

Title and Chapter Titles from Cadaver Sniffing Dog by The Mountain Goats.

See the end of the work for more notes

adjust your expectations

“Don’t come in tomorrow, Will. Don’t bother coming in until you can teach your class on time, and stay entirely conscious through the whole lesson. This can’t happen again.”

Jack leaned over his desk, purposefully making himself look larger. Fucker. Will knew that Jack was right, Will was in no state to teach, but he didn’t have to say it. Didn’t have to pull Will out of what would be his last class for the time being just to fire him.

Will considered yelling at Jack, raising his voice. Will considered spitting in his face. Will considered a lot of things. But in the end, it would do nothing to help him. It doesn’t exactly prove you’re not crazy when you spit on your old boss.

Instead, Will closed his eyes. He took a deep breath in, then out.

“Yeah… Alright. You’re right, Jack. I’ll um… I’ll go.”

Jack furrowed his eyebrows in sympathy and relaxed his posture, slowly descending back into his seat.

“Good. Focus on getting better, we still need you.”

Will was already standing, ready to fucking run out of Jack’s office. The sympathy in the room made him want to choke. It felt the same way Will felt when he saw a dog that was so sick, it would probably need to be put down. The feeling was suffocating, and Will wanted no more of it.

“Give Dr. Lecter a call, will you?”

Jack said, sending a bit of hope out with his statement. Like Dr. Lecter could fix Will right up, and he’d have his cadaver sniffing dog up and ready to go again. Will made eye contact with Jack, and shut the door without a response.

Will lost time.

He’d left Jack’s office, he knew that, remembered that… but had no idea where he was, or the path he’d taken to get there.

He was standing in the woods. Hopefully somewhere near Wolftrap. But honestly, who fucking knew.

Just what he needed. No job, stuck in the woods with no one to look for him when he didn’t show up to class tomorrow. He’d probably die here.

Maybe that wouldn’t be so bad.

He felt a vibration in his left pocket. So he still had his phone. Two missed calls and a few texts from Alana, but the most recent notification was from Dr. Lecter.

From: Lecter

Will, please call me at your earliest convenience. Thank you. – H.L

God, it wasn't enough that Jack fired him, he had to send the psychiatrists after him too?

Will impulsively clicked Lecter's contact and hit call. Maybe he wanted someone to come find him. Maybe he wanted someone to scream at. The latter was much more likely.

"This is Dr. Hannib –"

"I know who it is," Will snapped.

"Will," Dr. Lecter replied coolly. He'd never appreciated Will's rude outbursts, but Will couldn't really bring himself to care.

"Why are you texting me? I'm not making another appointment. If Jack's not my boss anymore, he's certainly not making one for me. And although it would be nice of me to let you poke around in my brain for a little while longer, I'm not a very nice person."

It took a moment for Hannibal to respond. Will must've stunned him into silence. Good. Will could picture that unique face as Hannibal calculated what would be best to say next. Will wondered what trick Hannibal would pull in an effort to placate his favorite patient.

"I was simply going to invite you to dinner... Jack is no longer your employer?"

"I don't want to talk about it," another beat of silence.

"Alright. I would still have you for dinner. Tonight, 7pm."

Will gave a frustrated sigh, running a hand through his hair. He could hang up and try to find his own way out of the woods. He could hang up and lay down in the grass and die. Or he could tell Dr. Lecter everything, eat dinner and deal with being an unemployed lunatic.

One of those things was a lot easier than the others.

"Yeah, uh, I don't think I can make that. I don't think I can make any engagements. For a while."

He hung up the phone before Dr. Lecter could say anything else, and decided to call Alana.

In lieu of a note.

"Will, I've been trying to contact you for the last three hours!"

“I know.”

“You know? What kind of, what kind of response is that, when someone was worried about you?”

Will exhaled and closed his eyes. For once, he didn’t bother trying to sound less crazy.

“Don’t worry about me. You don’t have to – ever. It won’t be a problem anymore.”

Again, he abruptly hung up the phone. He didn’t even take one more look at the thing before he threw it into the trees around him. Good riddance.

Then, he laid down on the ground and pictured the stream.

trying to keep the airway clear

Chapter Summary

Hannibal finds will.

Chapter Notes

;) nefarious things shall happen soon

A bright light flooded his eyes. Murmuring. Pressure on his chin, tilting his face up and into the light. Will shrugged it off.

"Get the hell off me." He mumbled, turning away. "Turn off that fucking light."

"Will." A voice said, demanding his attention. His head was throbbing.

"Turn off the fucking light!" Will hissed, wriggling further away.

The light blissfully disappeared.

"Will. Do you know where you are?"

It was Dr. Lecter. They'd found him. *Fuck.*

"Will?"

Will didn't open his eyes, but sat up. His whole body ached. It hurt to move.

"Just… leave, Dr. Lecter. This doesn't concern you."

"I believe that as your psychiatrist, this is exactly the kind of thing that concerns me. You've given Alana and Jack quite the scare. Do you know where you are, Will?"

Will shook his head, feeling more small than he ever had in the presence of a psychiatrist.

"You're in Great Falls Park. A few minutes out from the Potomac."

Almost made it, you stupid bastard. So close to drowning and you're caught.

"You gonna make me go to the hospital now?"

The doctors always wanted him to go to the hospital after an episode like this one.

Dr. Lecter paused, evaluating Will's question.

"If you would prefer it, I will take you back to my house instead."

His house? What about Will's *house?*

"Just take me back home. I'll sleep it off." Will began standing, but found himself incredibly dizzy. The ground would do for now.

“That is not an idea I am comfortable with, Will.”

“I promise I won’t try to kill myself until our next appointment. Just take me home.”

Until our next appointment.

“You need medical supervision. We can get in my car and return to my home, where you may sleep in the guest room, or I can call an ambulance. It is your choice, Will.”

He’s doing that thing again. That thing where he says your name a billion times in one conversation.

“Stop fucking doing that.”

“Doing what?”

“Stop saying *Will.* I know you’re talking to me, there’s no one else out here.”

Dr. Lecter took a breath and made his thinking face. *He looks like a trout when he does that.*

“It is a grounding technique.”

“I know. And I hate it.”

“Is there something else you would prefer me to call you?”

“No.” Will crossed his arms, like a toddler. He knew he was going to have to give in and go with Hannibal. But he wasn’t quite ready to admit it yet.

To Will’s surprise, Hannibal sat down in the moist dirt next to him. He reached out, water bottle in hand.

“Drink,” He said, simply. Part of Will wanted to argue, but the saner half desperately wanted some of that water. He let Hannibal hold the bottle and pour it past his lips.

Hannibal let the water stream slowly into Will’s mouth, not rushing him to swallow too quickly, until he took the large bottle away.

“Can’t have too much too fast, or you will feel ill.”

He says that as if I feel well now.

“Yeah,” Will nodded.

“Come,” Hannibal stood and extended his hand. Will took it, letting Hannibal pull most of his weight as he stood.

He let Hannibal lead him into the passenger seat, but insisted he buckle his own seatbelt. Hannibal said nothing as they pulled out of the abandoned campsite Will had ended up at.

Will quickly tumbled back into sleep, and didn’t even consider that they had left his phone behind.

ash wet floor

Chapter Summary

Will do be dreaming. Mild body horror.

Will surged into consciousness like he was coming up for air. Panting, with wild eyes roaming the scene. He was back in the woods. Back at the old, forgotten campground he'd managed to wander into. How was he back?

The campground was different now. The sun was rising into the sky, its heat radiating through the world. This was not how he left the campground. The night before (*was it the night before? Or had more time passed – could he ever really know?)* it seemed as if rain had just fallen, the ground was damp. But now the mulch crunched beneath his feet, dry as bone. It was sickeningly hot.

He heard footsteps from behind him. Large, heavy feet. Dress shoes. *Jack*. If Jack was behind him, then this – this was a crime scene.

"What do you see, Will?" Jack asked.

"I don't… I don't see anything," Will murmured. He let his feet carry him further and further into the woods, away from Jack and the small crowd of police that was now forming. He stumbled through the trees and undergrowth, until the smell of forest transformed into the rancid smell of a dead body.

Here.

In front of him, Will saw himself – his *body,* separated from his mind. As he drew closer, he noticed his body was mutilated in some pseudo-ripper style. But it hadn't been the ripper that killed Will's – killed his body, anyway. No… there were no organs missing. Only

the hands had been removed, with clean cuts. His wrists were closed into neat little nubs with perfect sutures, as if he had been born with nothing attached to them.

The damage done to his eyes was anything but neat. They'd been gouged out – probably with someone's thumbs. There was still some matter from the punctured organ left within their sockets. This was not done by the ripper.

You have gouged out your eyes – made yourself broken, unclean. It's quite rude of you, to attempt to take yourself away from me. You'll never do it again. This is my design.

Suddenly Jack was behind him again. Will was drenched in sweat, so much sweat that it was beginning to obscure his vision. He could hardly see the body in front of him anymore.

"Will?" Jack asked, but Will could not hear him. The sweat rushed down his body so loudly, like he was being doused with a bucket. The sweat flooded into his eyes, his ears, his mouth, his *nose* and he couldn't breathe anymore – he can't – he can't breathe – and it feels like he's being drowned by God but this is his doing, this is *his own design – this…*

Will woke, for real this time, in an unfamiliar bed. Again, he had no clue how he'd gotten there. *I've got to stop waking up like this.* The only thing that made sense was the amount of sweat soaking the bed beneath him. Typical for a nightmare filled night – which was every night.

The room was nicely decorated, if a little impersonal. A guest room, probably. *Ah, Hannibal's guest room.* So he did go home with the good doctor. *It could be worse,* Will's mind supplied. *You could be at a hospital, with a **nasty** psychiatrist. At least Lecter is tolerable.*

It was true, Hannibal was probably the least problematic psychiatrist Will had had up to this point.

Will crawled out of bed and promptly noticed how weak he still felt. *Christ, when is this shit going to let up?* He wandered through the halls, poking his head in several rooms before he eventually found a bathroom.

The bathroom's decorations looked more expensive than Will's whole house, and smelled like citrus. It was way too fancy for Will to be stinking up the place with his sweaty body. He forced himself into the shower, although he couldn't stand the whole time. He sat on the floor of Dr. Lecter's rich person shower, watching the dirt mar the white surface – then trickle down the drain.

He grasped for any memories of last night, but found almost nothing. Laying down in the woods, he remembered. He remembered Hannibal's car, and how it smelled brand new. But he couldn't remember more than two minutes of the car ride, or how he'd gotten into the guest room.

After his shower, he sought out his host.

hustle up

Chapter Summary

A lil confrontation. Will has a seizure.

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys so much for your positive response! This one is a little short, I mostly felt I had to get it out of the way to get to the ~good stuff~ lmao. This is my first foray into suspensey type writing, so I hope it's not too bad. Thank you and enjoy!

Will continued poking through the halls of Hannibal's home, till he was finally able to follow the man's soothing voice to the door of an office. From the sounds of it, Hannibal was on the phone. At first, Will paid careful attention not to eaves drop. But then he caught his own name in the conversation and thought better of it. If the conversation was about him, he deserved to hear it.

"Jack, I assure you, if Will were to contact me I would let you know immediately. But it is unlikely that he will. We did not have a close relationship. As you know, Will did not like being psychoanalyzed."

Did not? ***Did?***

Why was Hannibal speaking about Will like he was *dead?* Will was filled with the burning urge to scream, to remind Hannibal that he was not, in fact, dead. But he stayed still. Hannibal ended the phone call politely. Will couldn't make himself move, couldn't call himself to action. He stood like a deer in headlights, mind unable to process *why* Hannibal would pretend he was dead.

There was a beat of silence where Will stood in emotional war with himself, and Hannibal took one telling sniff.

“Will,” He said, with an upward inflection on the end of Will’s name. Just like he would if he were welcoming Will into his actual office, or if they pleasantly ran into each other. “Come in.”

And, unsure of what else he could do, Will did.

He breathed very quietly, moved as carefully as one would around a fearful animal. Like one wrong move would throw everything out of balance. Like one wrong move would get him killed.

Will pushed open the door to the office and saw Hannibal sitting at a rather expensive looking desk. Hannibal gave him a half smile.

“How are you feeling today, Will?”

“Better,” Will lied, and just because he couldn’t resist speaking on it, “Did I just hear you tell Jack Crawford you have no clue where I am?”

Hannibal paused for the tiniest moment, glancing briefly at his hands in thought, then met Will’s eyes. “Yes,” he said, simply.

As if he hadn’t just set Will’s swollen brain on fire. The answer set all of the cogs in Will’s brain in motion – he thought so quickly it was *painful.* Hannibal had told Jack that Will wasn’t with him. Had implied that Will was dead. *Why?*

Will was suddenly very aware that he was without his phone.

No way to contact anyone. No one would be looking, he’d basically told them he was going to kill himself, so why would they?

“I can see that you’re stressing over my admission. Tell me what you’re thinking.” Hannibal stood and crossed the room, stopping just in front of Will. Will stepped backwards.

“You,” Will accused, “How long have you been orchestrating this? How long… How did you know where I would be?” Did Hannibal track Will through his phone? Or had he somehow planted the campsite in Will’s mind - *guided* him there.

“I can answer those questions, but I doubt you will find comfort in what I tell you.”

What the fuck kind of answer was that?

When Will went to speak again, it came out as a garbled mess. His brain just *stopped,* leaving him like an overheating machine. His body twitched, completely out of his control. It felt like the hottest summer day, like he’d been working outside with the sun beating down on him. But he hadn’t been – he was standing in Dr. Lecter’s temperature controlled office, having an argument. Facing a possible kidnapping.

“Will,” Dr. Lecter said, and then he put his fucking *hand* on Will’s forehead. Cold as ice.

“Don’t touch me,” Will struggled to bite out, but he wasn’t honestly sure what actually came out of his mouth.

“What did you *do?!”* The whole room was shaking now, at least from his point of view.

“I’ve done nothing to bring this on, Will. You have a fever, and it appears you are having a seizure as a result of that. Please, lay on your side.”

Will weakly allowed Dr. Lecter to bring him to the floor, still shaking as he curled up on his side.

Dr. Lecter checked his watch, and Will’s consciousness slipped away.

fail-safe plot

Chapter Notes

> Hi friends! I'm so sorry it took me so long to publish this. This is really my first time going into 'darker' content, so I'm experimenting and also a tad nervous. Plz enjoy & comment any thoughts or suggestions. All the love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will woke, the first thing he felt was *soft.* There were plush blankets surrounding him, cradling him like a cocoon. It was warm, but not in the awful way it had been earlier. No… this was a nice, safe warmth. He snuggled deeper into the blankets.

It all came back to him slowly.

Lecter. The phone. Will's own disappearance. Alana. *Alana thinks I'm dead, and I probably will be soon.*

He jolted up, shrugging off the mass of blankets that had shrouded him. Now, he could see that he was being watched. Hannibal was poised on a chair directly across the room from Will, his eyes tracking Will's every move. He was just like the owls that hunted around Wolftrap. Far more dangerous than they seemed.

"You've just had a seizure, Will. I would not suggest moving so carelessly."

Yeah. No sudden movements in front of the predator.

Will closed his eyes and opened his circle of awareness to the room. It was the guest room he'd been in the night before, although it's décor had changed. There were soft blankets on the bed, on the chair. Something attached to Will's neck linked to a hook in the wall. There was a crate for a very, very large dog in the far corner of the room that had previously held an armoire.

No ordinary crate either. It was carved out of dark wood, with thick bars on the sides. The exterior even had little curtains that could be drawn to cover the windows.

It most definitely was not for a dog.

He mentally reached out to Hannibal, trying to decipher exactly what the man wanted from him. But Hannibal was stone cold. It was like Will's empathy had hit a wall.

"What do you want from me?"

Hannibal considered Will for a moment, then dropped his gaze to his hands as he took in a breath.

"I would like many things from you. But we can start simply," Hannibal rose from the seat, it's stiff leather creaked.

"You're very fond of dogs, Will. And fond of following me around like one," He took measured steps to the front of the bed Will lay on, then stopped. He did not pace as he spoke. He didn't need to. "You remind me very much of a dog."

Will stayed silent, although it seemed like Hannibal expected him to speak. To object, maybe. He couldn't get any words out of his mouth.

"It is not only your dedication to the hunt of the Ripper that calls to mind the hound… Your own mind is malleable. It will take training just as well as a pup…Like all minds, really."

Will's passive reaction this far inspired Hannibal to take a risk he had not planned for. He stepped closer to the bed and let a gentle hand cup Will's cheek. He turned Will's head up, forcing eye contact.

“I believe you have something most minds don’t. A capability for monstrosity. You have the understanding, the ability, and perhaps a spark of desire for-”

Will finally cut off Hannibal’s monologuing with a rough bite to his hand. For Will, it was a new level of violence. More intimate. He had conducted violence with guns, but rarely ever with his hands. Never had he *bitten* someone. The closeness he felt to the crime made him somewhat sick, and yet… there was somewhat of a feral thrill.

And for Hannibal, well… it was little more than a nip.

Hannibal smiled slightly. “You’ll let go of my hand, Will.”

Will dug his teeth in deeper. Still not enough to break the skin, but that was something they could work on.

“One thing about my training. There will always be the easy way, and the hard way.”

Hannibal jammed his free thumb into the sensitive spot of Will’s jaw, *hard.* He didn’t stop forcing his thumb against Will’s skin, even when his mouth had opened. Will strained against the collar and chain around his neck and pushed his hands at Hannibal’s arms, but the man remained as he was until he decided Will had had enough.

“You’ll find that the hard path involves much more pain than I would prefer to dole out, much more than you would prefer to experience. Of course, your mind will tell you to choose it anyway. It takes effort to overcome that resistance, and in the meantime, I will be here to correct you. Just as I have just done.”

Hannibal wiped his hand on the soft blankets of Will’s bed, ridding himself of unclean saliva.

“I’ll leave you with that lesson, for now.”

Hannibal gently patted Will’s leg that lay beneath the blanket, and exited the room. He turned off the light and ceiling fan as he went, leaving Will in relative darkness.

Chapter End Notes

This one was a bit short, but I have the next one planned out so it'll come soon!

My Tumblr

End Notes

Expanded TW:

Will 'passively' tries to kill himself by laying down in the middle of the woods where no one can find him.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!